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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Westmorland, New Brunswick and in Restigouche and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.
The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.
J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,
Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1896.

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WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
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Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
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Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated
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THE BEST EVER MADE.
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Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
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VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Dryers.
Jointers' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes. 15 Boxes Horse Nails,
10 Tons Refined Iron.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.
Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.
Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions Violins, Bows and Fixings.
Farming Tools, All Kinds.
Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guardes Rivets, Oilers.
Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.
The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

VERSATILE RULERS.

The Heads of Three Great Nations Are All-Round Men.

Emperor William of Germany recently surprised an institute of naval architects by taking the platform at its annual meeting, and delivering a thoughtful address on the relation of naval development to the needs and aims of different nations. A few days later he discoursed, on another public occasion, upon national ideals in sculpture. These are the latest among many manifestations of the amazing versatility for which he is distinguished.

One of the most noticeable changes in England since the accession of King Edward is that royalty no longer keeps aloof from the people. The King and Queen are seen frequently in public. The King interests himself in politics, in the army, in literature. He regulates personally all matters of court etiquette, and there are probably no details of the approaching pageant of the coronation to which he has not given attention. Mr. Sidney Lee completes his "Dictionary of National Biography" and receives a letter of appreciation from the King, as the last volume goes to press. Sir Thomas Lipton returns from his endeavor to "lift" the America cup, and is rewarded by a personal tribute from the King.

President Roosevelt is another example of versatility. In the drawing room or on the plains, leading a dance or breaking a bronco, he is equally at ease. He has an athlete's love for outdoor life, yet he has written books enough to fill a sizable shelf. He has helped to direct the navy, has served personally in the army, and has gained distinction in civil administration in city, state and nation.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence that the heads of government of the three greatest nations are men of this all-round type, touching human interests at so many points. But it can scarcely be doubted that they owe much of their power and popularity to the breadth of sympathy and knowledge of human nature resulting from their varied gifts and experiences.

HE KNEW THEM BOTH.

Servant—"Two gentlemen at the door want to see you, sir. They didn't come together; just called at the same time."

Householder—"How did they act?"

"One of 'em is very polite, sir, and begs the honor of a few minutes' conversation."

"I don't want to see him; he's got something to sell."

"The other, sir, is stiff as a ramrod, sir, and don't waste no words."

"He must have a bill, that's very certain. Tell them both that I'm not at home."

"Great Scott!" cried the head clerk, "does it take you four hours to carry a message a mile and return?" "Why," said the new office-boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I did it."

Of emigrants by sailing vessels to Australia or South America, about 6 per 1,000 die on the way.

About the ....House

WITH CABBAGE.

The day is past when cabbage was regarded as only a coarse kind of food, fit only for the poorest of people. It is now known to be not only a valuable addition to our list of food stuffs, but one capable of being made into many delicate and pleasing dishes.

Scalloped Cabbage—Wash and chop a head of cabbage, and cook it in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain in a colander, put it in a baking dish, and pour over a sauce made as follows: Melt 4 tablespoons melted butter, and stir in gradually 4 level tablespoons flour. Add 1 qt milk, put in 6 hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, two teaspoons salt, and a dash of pepper. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and bits of butter, and bake in a quick oven for 15 minutes.

Cabbage Cooked in Milk—Cut half a head of cabbage in small pieces and cook in boiling water until tender, then drain, chop fine, add milk enough to nearly cover, a lump of butter the size of an egg, seasoning to taste, and let simmer for 10 or 15 minutes. This is a very delicate dish.

Stuffed Cabbage—Remove the outer leaves and the stalk from a fine head of cabbage. Scald it in hot water for 10 minutes, make a hole in the middle by the side of the stalk, and fill it, and between each leaf with minced beef, veal or mutton, highly seasoned. Bind it round neatly and stand it in a stewpan with some gravy, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, 2 carrots and a lump of butter. Let simmer gently until done, then place the cabbage on a dish, remove the string, and pour the strained gravy around it. Garnish with carrots cut neatly, and serve hot.

Cabbage Salad—Cut 1 small head of cabbage into fine shreds. Let ½ cup of vinegar come to a boil with 1 tablespoon each of butter and white sugar, and seasoning to taste. When boiling, add the shredded cabbage, and when it is scalding hot, but not boiling, remove it from the fire and turn into a bowl. Stir 2 well-beaten eggs into 1 cup boiling milk, cook until it thickens, but do not allow it to curdle, then pour over the cabbage, and toss about with a silver fork until well mixed through. Cover and set in a cold place for a couple of hours. This makes a delicious salad. A more quickly prepared dressing may be made with 2 tablespoons oil or melted butter, 6 of vinegar, 1 teaspoon each of made mustard and pepper. Work all in well, the vinegar last, and then beat in a raw egg whipped light. Pour over the shredded cabbage and serve very cold.

Ladies' Cabbage—Boil 1 small, firm, white cabbage in two waters, and let it get cold. Then chop it fine, and mix with it 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 3 tablespoons rich milk, and seasoning to taste. Beat well, turn into a buttered pudding dish, and bake until delicately brown. Serve hot in the dish in which it was baked.

Chopped Cabbage—Cut off stalks and green leaves, and quarter a cabbage. Boil 15 minutes, drain, cover with fresh boiling water slightly salted, and cook until tender. Drain chop fine and drain again. Season with pepper, butter and a little vinegar, and serve very hot. A little milk may be used instead of the vinegar, if preferred, and is decidedly more wholesome.

SUNDAY DINNERS.

Most housewives prepare only two meals on Sunday, with a lunch in the evening, and of course they want an extra good dinner, but do not want to stay home from church to prepare it. When the family have to wait an hour or more for dinner they are apt to eat too hurriedly and too much, and consequently are troubled with headache the resr of the day.

We need to learn to prepare this meal beforehand, so far as possible. With a little forethought this can be easily done, so that the Sunday dinner can be ready in fifteen or twenty minutes after getting home.

Roast chicken and mashed potatoes or roast beef and browned potatoes can be used for the substantial part of the dinner. Baked beans also make an excellent dish for this meal. Clean and stuff the chicken on Saturday, putting it away in a cool place. Every housekeeper should have a good roaster, a self-baster being the best. Before going to church place the chicken in the roaster, or the beef with the potatoes placed around it if this dish is used. The oven should be quite hot when the chicken is put in. After doing this fix the fire so that it will give out a moderate heat. You will soon learn to do this so well that this part of your dinner will be nicely done.

Put the necessary water in the teakettle, and place on the stove. If you intend to have mashed potatoes, peel the potatoes! cutting in rather small pieces, while you are getting breakfast, put them in the pot, and cover with cold water. Celery should be cleaned the day before and placed in water, and all canned fruit should be opened and emptied into dishes beforehand. The table should be set while you are washing the breakfast dishes.

As soon as you get home, before you change your clothes, pour the cold water off the potatoes, pour on sufficient hot water from the tea-kettle and place on the stove. By doing this they will be done by the time the other things are ready. Make the coffee, and then you will have nothing to do but warm up the baked beans, which have been previously prepared, and mash the potatoes. Puddings baked the day before can be used as dessert instead of canned fruit.

TABLE ECONOMIES.

No woman can expect to cope victoriously with scanty dollars unless she knows her business. She must know how to select meats, to decide on poultry, to detect poor fish and stale vegetables. It is not enough to patronize leading and supposedly reliable dealers. A housewife should know that beef and mutton are the most economical meats, that pork and veal, though toothsome, are not nourishing, that the latter is always costly, and that fish and poultry are good food, but require a larger quantity to be satisfying. Of course no family would wish to live wholly on beef and mutton; but having a clear knowledge of the situation, the clever housekeeper knows how to combine her fare so that both foods and bills may be satisfactory. Economy, as well as health, should teach that soups which have a milk basis are the most nourishing, and for that reason the cheapest. Economy should also teach that fruit and vegetables are constant preservers of health, and so are money savers; but a wife must know their respective seasons, and not imagine that egg plants are cheap at Christmas and parsnips in May. On the other hand, once the food materials are bought, they should be so cooked that they can be eaten to the least scrap. The cookbooks and press are full of directions for making palatable dishes and for preparation of made-over dishes, and no one need go ignorant of how it should be done. The simplest dishes are the most healthful; but unless a woman is cooking for invalids there can safely be a blending of dishes that feed the eye and the imagination, for we all of us eat with our eyes and relish according to our whims. Soups, salads, dainty dishes, and relishes are the constant allies of table economies, and daily variations of the plainest dishes will go far to supply the lack of elaborate living.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

For a change, try boiling apples in sweet cider. When apples begin to get tasteless this makes a change.

The best way to take ink out of table linen is to soak the spots in milk. Put into sweet milk and let it sour. The process of souring seems to assist in removing the spots. Rub the stains in the milk after it has curdled. They will become faint, and after the piece has been washed once or twice will in all likelihood vanish entirely.

Many women suffer with chilblains in winter. A sufferer writes to an exchange that she cured herself by soaking her feet in warm water two or three times a week and applying oil of origanum to the affected parts.

Never allow gelatine to boil. If you do, it develops a disagreeable flavor that suggests its origin. One box usually weighs two ounces and requires one cup of cold water to soak it up, and other quantities in proportion.

FAINTING FITS.

Ordinary fainting fits are not often dangerous in the least. They are caused by the temporary absence of blood from the brain, caused by a sudden fright or shock of any kind; even by a slight attack of indigestion. If you are certain the attack is simply one of ordinary fainting, the remedy is a simple one. Lower the head and lift the body and feet a little higher, so as to allow the blood to flow back to the head. Loosen the clothing about the throat and waist and allow an abundance of fresh air to be admitted to the room. Do not allow many persons to stand about the person fainting, as they exhaust the air. Apply smelling salts to the nostrils or ordinary ammonia diluted with water and poured on the handkerchief. A little sal volatile or twenty drops sweet spirits of lavender in a half-glass of cold water will assist in restoring consciousness, when the patient can swallow. Unless a physician is present to prescribe do not give more powerful medicine.

POSTAGE IN 1806.

Every letter composed of a single sheet of paper conveyed not exceeding forty miles 8 cents; over 40 miles and not exceeding 90 miles, 10 cents; over 90 miles and not exceeding 150 miles, 12½c; over 150 miles and not exceeding 300 miles, 17 cents; over 300 miles and not exceeding 500 miles, 20 cents. Every paper double these rates. Every letter composed of three pieces of paper, triple these rates. Every letter composed of four pieces of paper, weighing over one ounce, quadruple these rates, and at the rate of four single letters for each ounce any letter or packet may weigh. Every ship letter originally received at an office for delivery, six cents.

QUEER COOKING STOVES.

The Maoris of New Zealand cook their potatoes and other vegetables in volcanic heat. There are a few volcanoes in New Zealand, and some of the Maoris live up in the mountains near them. They make the volcanoes do several useful things for them, but the queerest is the cooking.

I SERVE ON A QUEER JURY

COURTS OF JUSTICE UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC.

How the Workers in English Mills Take the Law Into Their Own Hands.

"To-night!"

As the crowd of mill-hands—of whom I am one—pours through the big wooden gates into the streets at "knocking-off" time, a man in clogs, and with an old cloth cap, who has been waiting outside, thrusts a scrap of paper into my hand, while he whispers the word I just catch amid the clatter of many feet, says a writer in London Answers.

On the paper are a couple of lines, in the stiff, awkward hand peculiar to the average workman:

"Jury, 8:15 prompt. Old Dick Betterton's back parlor. Strictly private."

To many people such a summons might seem startling, but to me its significance is plain enough. I am a working man—a "tackler"

IN THE BIG MILL—

and I know that this bit of paper bids me to act as a juror in one of the courts of justice, of whose existence the law of the land is supposed to be unaware, but which, for all that, exercise a jurisdiction so very real, and often so very stern, as to be objects of dread to a certain class of delinquents.

The orthodox law, besides being ruinously expensive to men whose wages rarely rise above a pound or so a week, is fraught with a delay that is simply appalling to workers to whom time is bread. As a result the workman, when injured, would oftener than not prefer to grin and bear it—if he had not his own particular and strictly private law-courts to appeal to.

Such private courts there are, set up and maintained by the workers, with more or less secrecy about them, perhaps, but designed for their own benefit and protection. Very few mines, mills or large workshops are without one of these tribunals, the proceedings of which vary.

The court may hold its sittings in a worked-out coal-seam, the private parlor of an inn, or the back-room of a neutral party. There is never, or rarely, a permanent judge. The oldest and most respected hands are elected in turn,

WHILE THE JURY

is chosen by lot, to ensure fair play.

Nor are the verdicts and sentences often questioned. The workers believe that those tribunals of their own represent their best interests, and it goes hard with any foolish recalcitrant, who thinks himself strong enough to indulge in defiance, since he is speedily brought to his senses by discovering that the scene of his offences is being made too hot for him. Even if no actual violence is resorted to, the knowledge that hundreds of men and women have practically made a pariah of him ultimately leaves the condemned offender no other choice than to slink away.

The judgment of serious cases is naturally left to the public law, and the private tribunals deal mostly with matters which would never, in the ordinary course, be taken into the regular police or assize courts.

At 8:15 to the minute I knock at

THE DOOR OF THE

little house in a by-street indicated in my summons. I am admitted, and directed to a back room of such microscopic proportions that the judge and jury fill it completely, except for an ordinary kitchen table, at one end of which is a seat for the accused, while at the other end is just a space for prosecutors and witnesses. There is no counsel for either side, and no spectators.

When I take my seat a lamp is on the table, and serves to show the court. The first prisoner of the night has already been brought to the table, and is a vicious, foxy-faced man, with bloodshot eyes, and a cruel mouth. There is a sneer on his lips as he endeavors to confront his position with contemptuous defiance; yet he perceptibly shrinks from the men who, some still black and grimed with toil, are to judge him.

He is accused of being a general nuisance and disgrace to the mill where he makes a pretence of working, and of thus bringing undeserved odium on those who are compelled to associate with him; and it is proved that he is a sneaking thief, given to lying and spying. Asked what he has to say for himself, he snarls out a string of curses, and asks in turn what his questioners have got to do with it.

The judge looks at the jury, some of whom are smoking by now, for pipes are allowed, although drink is not.

EACH MAN NODS SHORTLY.

"We have this to do with it," comes the answer and sentence. "We won't stand you here any longer. You'll clear out of town in twenty-four hours and not come back, or——"

"Or what, eh?" The condemned man tries to sneer, but awaits no answer, and slinks off

When he is gone a man takes his place, charged with tampering, out of spite, with the loom of a fellow-workman; but proves himself innocent, and is awarded a moderate compensation, which his accuser is called on to pay. Another, not so fortunate, is found guilty, chiefly on the evidence of a gaunt woman and a brood of starving children, of having neglected his family in favor of beer and is promptly ordered not to enter a public-house for two years, on pain of being ducked in the millpond for each and every act of his disobedience. And a man who has borrowed money from a mate, and whose loud repudiations of the debt are found to contain more sound than solid truth, is sternly called upon to pay up forthwich.

There is no fuss nor unnecessary talk; just a plain statement of facts, the

VERDICT OF THE JURY

—oftener than not given in silence—and the sentence. Perhaps these tribunals are illegal if the authorities chose to interfere; and also, perhaps, they could be converted into levers of oppression and terrorism, if unscrupulously manipulated; but they are generally fairly conducted.

The last case we try to-night is that of a hulking ruffian, on the charge that he has, as the result of a brutal, practical "joke" disabled a girl in the mill. There is no question of the prisoner's guilt, or that his victim will be unable to work for months. In the police court the probable result would be a paltry fine of forty shillings, or something like it; in the back-room court it is rather different, since the accused is curtly informed that he must pay the mother half his wages [illegible] the girl recovers.

He will do it too—hundreds of watchers in the mill will see to that. And I feel that I have helped in a good night's work when the ash is knocked out of the last pipe, and the judge extinguishes the lamp, in token that the court stands adjourned.

PERSONAL TIT-BITS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

It is not generally known that ex-President Steyn's wife is living at Sydenham, England. Mrs. Steyn has several of her children with her. The eldest boy is going through a course at the Crystal Palace Electrical School, and, it is said, shows marked ability in his studies.

Dr. Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester, is probably the wittiest raconteur on the Episcopal Bench. One of his stories is of an old lady who greatly startled a missionary bishop who happened to be staying at the Manchester Palace, by the query, put in perfect good faith: "Pray, my lord, is it not true that in India you call femal converts renanas and male converts bananas?"

When Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, travels, he is usually accompanied by Lady Curzon and 120 attendants. Great precautions are taken to insure his safety and everything is done for his comfort. In Southern Punjab the railroad line is watered to lay the dust. At his destination he is received with extraordinary ceremony.

An interesting little incident occurred while the Kaiser was travelling in Norway last July. During a drive from Gudvanger to Stalheim a gold ring slipped off His Majesty's finger unobserved. It was afterwards picked up by a stable-boy, who handed it to the hotel-keeper, who in turn restored it to the Emperor. On rewarding the stable-boy His Majesty said: "I am so extremely glad to have recovered the ring, for it was my engagement ring."

The late Duke of Rutland has a retriever named Prince,, and the King and Queen were his guests when they were Prince and Princess. The Princess came up to his Grace at a shooting party and found him picking up the birds. "How is the Prince getting on to-day?" she asked, and the Duke replied: "Very badly indeed. He won't pick up the birds. If he does not behave himself better after luncheon I shall send him home." It was not until too late that the Duke discovered that the Princess had been asking of her husband and not of his dog!

The late Mr. Green, the chief Verger of St. Paul's Cathedral for many years, was quite autocratic when anything connected with his beloved church was concerned. He is said to have been the only man who ever thwarted the German Emperor. He and the Empress had been worshipping at matins one morning at St. Paul's, and were going out before the celebration. "I should like," said the Emperor to Green, "to see the tombs of Wellington and Nelson before I go." "You can't sir, was the reply. "Service is going on in the choir."

Dr. Robert Collyer, the celebrated minister of the church of the Messiah, New York, who has just completed his seventy-eighth year, and is known as the "Blacksmith Preacher" was born and bred in good old Yorkshire, but he went to the States in 1850. It was only recently that he visited the scenes of his youth. When the doctor's mother heard him preach for the first time at Leeds she said, as she proudly walked from the church with him, "I'm not sure, lad, that I understand thy sermon, and I'm not sure that I would have believed it if I had; but make sure, lad, I believe in thee."

Mr. Reid, leader of the Federal Opposition in Australia, is one of those men whom a stormy public meeting always sees at his best. Finding himself not long ago in the face of a dangerous crowd of Protectionists assembled to give him rough handling, Mr. Reid plunged into his subject as follows: "Well, boys, we're getting on. Last night I was speaking at —— (a strong Protectionist center) and they threw bags of flour at me—one, as you may notice, hit me in the eye. I was glad and proud of this; it just showed that my Free Trade policy had so cheapened the price of flour that they could afford to chuck it away." Then the audience cheered instead of hooting.

Mr. George Wade, the sculptor, who is carving a statue of King Edward for Madras, is a self-taught man in art, who has risen rapidly to high distinction. His work, embracing the ideal and the actual, has won him the recognition of many public men and authorities, and the King has already a splendid specimen of his sculpture in the bust of the Duke of Clarence which Mr. Wade was commissioned to do some years ago. Madras, which is to have his new statue of the King, has already his representation of Sir Arthur Havelock, its old Governor, and Ceylon has a colossal statue of Queen Victoria by the same sculptor. It was Mr. Wade who carved Sir John Macdonald in stone for the memorial in Montreal, and St. Paul's Cathedral has a statue of the great Canadian Premier from the same chisel.

The most fascinating confession album is that possessed by the Queen of Greece. To this book nearly every crowned head in the world has contributed something, and vastly entertaining is it to read the various answers given by these august personages to the questions asked. In answer to the question, "What is your idea of happiness" the King of Greece has wittily written: "To always have a sovereign without a crown." The question, "What is your idea of unhappiness?" has been answered by the King of Sweden as follows: "Tight boots, a corn, and a heavy foot on top of it." Opposite the question, "What kind of personage do you consider the most objectionable?" His Majesty Edward VII. has written: "The most objectionable being in the world, in my opinion, is the man who will insist on pointing at you with his umbrella and shouting, "There he is!"

HE WAS BUSY.

It is scarcely credible that so faithful a servant and so good a courtier as John Brown of Balmoral could ever deliberately have kept his sovereign waiting, but the London Tatler relates an anecdote which shows that he had a very human side.

Brown was very fond of fishing, and one day, when he had a fine salmon on his hook, there came a message from the castle on Deeside, desiring his presence at once. Queen Victoria was going for her afternoon drive, and it was Brown's duty to attend her, as he always did, sitting in the rumble of the carriage.

"Tell her Majesty that I'll be quickly," he said.

But the salmon was strong and could not be landed at once. Another and more urgent message reached him.

"Tell her Majesty that I have a salmon on, but I'll be in in a few minutes."

Still the salmon held out, and a third and imperative command arrived.

"Tell her Majesty," shouted Brown "that it's not possible for me to leave without the salmon!"

Nor did he. But whether the Queen knew enough of fishing and fishermen to appreciate the circumstances is not told.

WARSHIPS AND LIQUID FUEL.

Experiments to discover a means of making the consumption of oil possible in British warships are being vigorously pushed forward. During the past year various systems of burning liquid fuel have been tried on the torpedo-boat destroyer Surly at Portsmouth. Now the battleships Mars and Hannibal and the cruiser Arrogant are to see what they can do to make the use of oil fuel practicable.

CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.

"My children," said the poor man sadly, "are crying for bread." "Which shows," replied the rich man, coldly, "how much you have to be thankful for. Now, mine are crying for bon-bons."

The Emperor of China and the Viceroy of India, between them, govern more than half the population of the world.

Distress of Sleepless Nights
Is Too Well Known to Hosts of Nerve-Exhausted Men and Women---The Fatal Error of Using Opiates.
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To lie awake night after night, the brain on fire with nervous excitement and thoughts flashing before the mind in never-ending variety, is the common experience of persons whose nerves are weak and exhausted.
During such nights nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate.
Instead of being restored and reinvigorated for another day's wear and tear the body is further weakened and exhausted and the mind is unbalanced by this terrible waste of energy which the lamp of life is rapidly burning out.
It is in this despairing condition that many men and women attempt to drug and deaden the nerves by the use of opiates. This is a fatal step which hastens nerve decay.
Surely it is wiser to build up and completely restore the nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a treatment which gets right down to the foundation of the difficulty and effects permanent results by revitalizing the wasted nerve cells.
Sleeplessness is only one of the many distressing symptoms which entirely disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a positive cure for weakness of nerves and body, and is specific for woman's ills because they almost invariably arise from exhausted nerves. 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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